

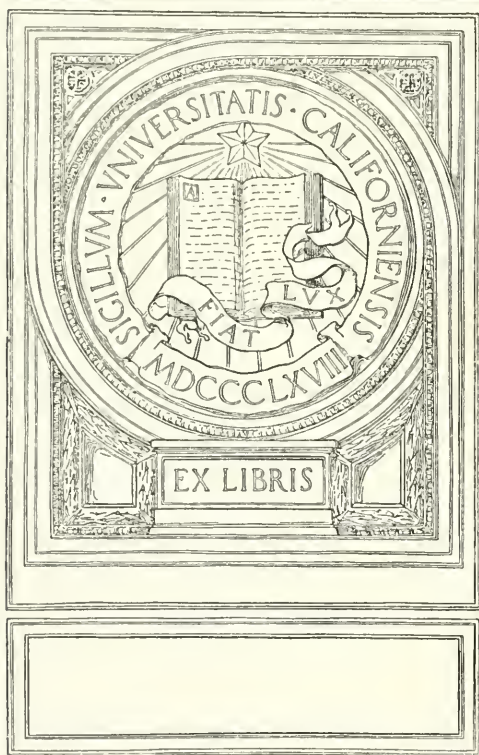
PR
2002
K61
1903



THE KINGIS QUAIR



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



Steele





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HEIREFTER FOLLOWIS THE QUAIR
MAID BE KING IAMES OF SCOT-
LAND THE FIRST CALLIT THE
KINGIS QUAIR AND MAID QUHEN
HIS MAIESTIE WES IN INGLAND.

Steele

PR
2002
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1103

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

D. G. Rossetti,
"The King's Tragedy."

English Dept.

APR 22 '41

Rossetti

073031

"Now sing the song that of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the
spray,
In Windsor's castle-hold."

"The King's Tragedy."

HEIGH In the heuynnys figure circulere
The rody sterres twynklynȝ as the fyre;
And, In Aquary, Cinthia the clere
Rynsid hir tressis like the goldin wyre,
That late tofore, In fair and fresche atyre,
Throuȝ Capricorn heued hir hornis bright,
North northward approchit the myd-
nycht;

Quhen as I lay In bed allone wakinȝ,
New partit out of slepe a lyte tofore,
Fell me to mynd of many diuerse thingȝ,
Off this and that; can I nocht say quhar-
fore,
Bot slepe for craft in erth mycht I no more;
For quhich as tho coude I no better wyle,
Bot toke a boke to rede apon a quhile:

Off quhich the name Is clepit properly
Boece, eftere him that was the compiloure,
Schewing counsele of philosophye,
Compilit by that noble senatoure
Off Rome, quhilom that was the warldis
floure,
And from estate by fortune a quhile
Foriugit was to pouert in exile:

And there to here this worthy lord and clerk,
His metir suete, full of moralitee;
His flourit pen so fair he set a werk,
Discryuing first of his prosperitee,
And out of that his infelicitee;
And than how he, in his poetly report,
In philosophy can him to confort.

The For quhich, thocht I in purpose, at my boke,
Kinçis To borowe a slepe at thilke tyme began,
Quair. Or euer I stent, my best was more to loke
Vpon the writing of this noble man,
That in him-self the full recouer wan
Off his Infortune, pouert, and distresse,
And in tham set his verray sekernesse.

And so the vertew of his youth before
Was in his age the ground of his delytis:
Fortune the bak him turnyt, and therefore
He makith Ioye and confort, that he quit is
Off theire vnsekir warldis appetitis;
And so aworth he takith his penance,
And of his vertew maid It suffisance:

With mony a noble resoun, as him likit,
Enditing In his faire Latyne tong,
So full of fruyte, and rethorikly pykit,
Quhich to declare my scole is ouer yong;
Therefore I lat him pas, and, in my tong,
Procede I will agayn to my sentence
Off my mater, and leue all Incidence.

The long nycht beholding, as I saide,
Myn eyne can to smert for studying;
My buke I schet, and at my hede It laide;
And down I lay bot ony tarying,
This matere new In my mynd rolling;
This Is to seyne, how that eche estate,
As Fortune lykith, thame will translate.

For sothe It is, that, on hir tolter quhele,
 Euery wicht cleuerith In his stage,
 And failynq foting oft, quhen hir lest rele,
 Sum vp, sum down, Is non estate nor age
 Ensured, more the prynce than the page:
 So vncouthly hir werdes sche deuidith,
 Namly In youth, that seildin ough t proui-
 dith.

The
 Kingis
 Quair.

Among thir thoughtis rolling to and fro,
 Fell me to mynd of my fortune and vre;
 In tender youth how sche was first my fo,
 And eft my frende, and how I gat recure
 Off my distresse, and all myn auenture
 I can ourehayle, that langer slepe ne rest
 Ne mycht I nat, so were my wittis wrest.

Forwakit and forwalowit, thus musing,
 Wery, forlyin, I lestnyt sodaynlye,
 And sone I herd the bell to matyns ryng,
 And vp I rase, no langer wald I lye:
 Bot now, how trowe ye? suich a fantasye
 Fell me to mynd, that ayme-thocht the bell
 Said to me, "Tell on, man, quhat the befell."

Thocht I tho to my-self, "Quhat may this
 be?"

This is myn awin ymacynacioun;
 It is no lyf that spekis vnto me;
 It is a bell, or that impressioun
 Off my thocht, causith this illusioun,
 That dooth me think so nycely in this wise;"
 And so befell as I schall you deuise.

The
Kincis
Quair.

DETERMyt FURTh therewith In myn entent,
Sen I thus haue ymacynit of this soun,
And in my tyme more Ink and paper spent
To lyte effect, I take conclusioun
Sum new thing to write; I set me down,
And furth-with-all my pen In hand I take,
And maid a ✚ and thus begouth my buke.

THOU sely youth, of nature Indecest,
Vnrypit fruyte, with windis variable,
Like to the bird that fed is on the nest,
And can nocht flee, of wit wayke and
vnstable,
To fortune both and to Infortune hable;
Wist thou thy payne to cum and thy
trauaille,
For sorow and drede wele myght thou wepe
and waille.

Thus stant thy confort In vnsekernesse,
And wantis It that suld the reule and cye:
Rycht as the schip that sailith sterles
Vpon the rok most to harmes hye,
For lak of It that suld bene hir supplye;
So standis thou here In this warldis race,
And wantis that suld cyde all thy viage.

I mene this by my-self, as Inpartye;
Though nature gaue me suffisance in youth,
The rypenesse of resoun lak I,
To gouerne with my will, so lyte I couth,
Quhen sterles to trauaile I begouth,
Amanç the wawis of this warld to driue;
And how the case, anon I will discriue.

With doutfull hert, amang the rokkis
blake,
My feble bote full fast to stere and rowe,
Helples allone, the wynter nyght I wake,
To wayte the wind that furthward suld
me throwe.

O empti saile! quhare is the wind suld blowe
Me to the port, quhar cynneth all my came?
Help, Calyope, and wynd, in Marye name!

The rokkis clepe I the prolixitee
Off doubilnesse that doith my wittis pall,
The lak of wynd is the deficultee
In enditing of this lytill trecty small,
The bote I clepe the mater hole of all,
My wit vnto the saile that now I wynd
To seek connynge, though I bot lytill fynd.

At my begynnynge first I clepe and call
To yow Cleo, and to yow Polymye,
With Thesiphone goddis and sistris all,
In nowmer ix. as bokis specifye;
In this processe my wilsum wittis cye;
And with your brycht lanternis wele con-
uoye
My pen, to write my turment and my loye!

In vere, that full of vertu is and gode,
Quhen Nature first begynneth hir enprise,
That quhilum was be cruell frost and flude
And schouris scharp opprest In many wyse,
And Synthus cynneth to aryse
Heigh in the est, a morow soft and suete,
Vpward his course to driue In Ariete:

The
Kinȝis
Qyair.

Passit mydday bot foure creis euin,
Offlenth and brede his angelwinȝis brycht
He spred vpon the ground down fro the heuin;
That, for gladnesse and confort of the sight,
And with the tiklyng of his here and light,
The tender flouris opnyt thame and sprad;
And in thaire nature thankit him for glad.

Nocht fer passit the state of Innocence,
Bot nere about the nowmer of yeris thre—
Were it causit throu heuinly Influence
Off Goddis will or othir casualtee,
Can I nocht say—bot out of my contree,
By thaire auise that had of me the cure,
Be see to pas, tuke I myn auenture.

Purduit of all that was vs necessarye,
With wynd at will, vp airly by the morowe,
Streight vnto schip, no longere wold we
tarye,
The way we tuke, the tyme I tald to forowe;
With mony "Fare wele" and "Sanct Iohne
to borowe"
Off falowe and frende; and thus with one
assent
We pullit vpsaile and furthoure wayis went.

Vpon the wawis weltering to and fro,
So infortunate was vs that fremyt day,
That maugre playnly quethir we wold or no
With strong hand by forse schortly to say,
Off Inmyis takin and led away
We weren all, and brocht in thaire contree;
Fortune It schupe non othir wayis to be.

Quhare as In strayte ward and in strong
prisoun,

The
Kingis
Quair.

So ferforth, of my lyf the heuy lyne
Without confort in sorowe abandoun,
The second sistere lukit hath to twyne
Nere by the space of yeris twise nyne;
Till Iupiter his merci list aduert,
And send confort in relesche of my smert.

Quhare as In ward full oft I wold bewaille
My dedely lyf, full of peyne and penance,
Sainȝ ryght thus, "Quhat haue I gilt, to faille
My fredome in this world and my plesance?
Sen euery wicht has thereof suffisance,
That I behold, and I a creature
Put from all this—hard Is myn auenture!

"The birde, the beste, the fisch eke In the see,
They lyue in fredome euerich In his kynd;
And I a man, and lakkith libertee,
Quhat schall I seyne, quhat resoun may I fynd,
That Fortune suld doso?" thus In my mynd
My folk I wold arȝewe, bot all for noȝht;
Was non that myȝht, that on my peynes rought.

Than wold I say, "Gif God me had deuiseit
To lyue my lyf in thraldome thus and pyne,
Quhat was the cause that He me more
comprisit

Than othir folk to lyue in suich ruyne?
I suffer allone amang the figuris nyne,
Ane wofull wrecche that to no wicht may
spede,
And yit of euery lyuis help hath nede."

The
Kinçis
Quair.

The long dayes and the nyghtis eke
I wold bewaille my FORTUNE in this wise,
For quhich açane distresse CONFORT to seke,
My custum was on mornis FOR TO RYSE
Airly as day; o happy excercise!
By the come I to Ioye out of turment.
Bot now to purpose of my FIRST ENTENT:—

Bewailing In my chamber thus allone,
Despeired of all Ioye and remedye,
FORTIRIT of my thoçht and wo-becone,
And to the wyndow çan I walk In hye,
To se the warld and folk that went forby;
As FOR the tyme, though I of mirthis fude
Myçht haue no more, to luke It did me çude.

Now was there maid FAST by the TOURIS wall
A çardyn faire, and in the corneris SET
Ane herbere çrene, with wandis long and
small
Railit about; and so with TREIS SET
Was all the place, and hawthorn heçis knet,
That lyf was non walking THERE FORBY,
That myçht within scarce ony wight aspye.

So thik the bewis and the leues çrene
Beschadit all the aleyes that there were,
And myddis euery herbere myçht be sene
The scharp çrene suete Ienepere,
Growing so faire with branchis here and
there,
That, as It semyt to a lyf without,
The bewis spred the herbere all about:

And on the small grene twistis sat
The lytill suete nyghtingale, and song
So loud and clere, the ympnis consecrat
Off lufis vse, now soft, now lowd among,
That all the gardynç and the wallis rong
Ryght of thaire song and on the copill next
Off thaire suete armony, and lo the text:

The
Kynge's
Quair.

CANTUS.

"Worschippe, ye that loueris bene, this May,
For of your blisse the kalendis are beçonne,
And sing with vs, away, Winter, away!
Cum, Somer, cum, the suete sesoun and sonne!
Awake for schame! that haue your heuyn-
nis wonne,
And amorously lift vp your hedis all,
Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call."

Quhen thai this song had song a lytill thrawe,
Thai stent a quhile, and therewith vnaffraid,
As I beheld and kest myn eyne alawe,
From beuch to beuch thay hippit and thai plaid.
And freschly in thaire birdis kynd arraid
Thaire fetheris new, and fret thame In the
sonne,
And thankit Lufe, that had thaire makis wonne.

This was the plane ditee of thaire note,
And therewithall vnto myself I thoçht,
"Quhat lyf is this, that makis birdis dore?
Quhat may this be, how cummyth It of ouçht?
Quhat nedith It to be so dere ybought?
It is nothiñç, trowe I, bot feynit chere,
And that men list to counterfeten chere."

The EFT wald I think; "O Lord, quhat may this
Kinçis be?

Quair. THAT Lufe is of so noble mycht and kynde,
Lufing his folk, and suich prosperitee
Is IT of him, as we in bukis fynd?
May he oure hertes setten and vnbynd?
Hath he vpon oure hertis suich maistraye?
OR all this is bot feynyt fantasye!

"FOR gif he be of so crete excellence,
That he of euery wicht hath cure and
charge,
Quhat haue I gilt to him or doon offense,
That I am thrall, and birdis gone at large,
Sen him to serue he mycht set my corage?
And gif he be nocht so, than may I seyne,
Quhat makis folk to lanchill of him Inveyne?"

"CAN I nocht elles fynd, bot gif that he
Be lord, and as a god may lyue and reque,
To bynd and louse, and maken thrallis free,
Than wold I pray his blisfull grace benigne,
To hable me vnto his seruice digne;
And euermore for to be one of tho
Him trewly for to serue In wele and wo."

And therewith kest I doun myn eye aseyne,
Quhare as I sawe, walkinç vnder the toure
Full secretly new cummyn hir to pleyne,
The fairest or the freschest yong floure
That euer I sawe, methocht, before that
houre,
For quhich sodayn abate, anon astert
The blude of all my body to my hert.

And though I stude abaisit tho a lyte,
No wonder was; for quhy, my wittis all
Were so ouercom with plesance and de-
lyte,

Onely throu latting of myn eyen fall,
That sudaynly my hert became hir thrall
For euer, of free wyll, for of manace
There was no takyn In hir suete face.

And In my hede I drewe rycht hastily,
And eftsones I lent It forth aqeyne,
And sawe hir walk, that verray womanly,
With no wicht mo, bot onely wommen
tueyne.

Than can I studye in myself, and seyne,
"A! suete, ar ye a warldly creature,
Or heuinly thing in likenesse of nature?"

"Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse
And cummyne are to louse me out of band?
Or ar ye verray Nature the goddessse
That haue depayntit with your heuinly hand
This cardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
Quhat sall I think, allace! quhat reuerence
Sall I minster to your excellence?"

"Gif ye a goddessse be, and that ye like
To do me payne, I may It nocht astert;
Gif ye be warldly wicht, that dooth me sike,
Quhy lest God mak you so, my derrest hert,
To do a sely prisoner thus smert,
That lufis yow all, and wote of nocht bot
wo?"

And therfor, merci, suete! sen It is so."

The
Kingis
Quair.

Quhen I a lytill thrawe had maid my moon,
Bewailling myn infortune and my chance,
Vnknawin how or quhat was best to doon,
So FERRE I-fallyng Into lufis dance
That sodeynly my wit, my contenance,
My hert, my will, my nature, and my mynd,
Was changit clene ryght In anothir kynd.

OFF hir array the FORM gif I sall write,
Toward hir goldin haire and rich atyre
In fretwise couchit with perllis quhite
And crete balas leymng as the fyre,
With mony ane emeraut and faire saphire;
And on hir hede a chaplet fresch of hewe,
OFF plumys partit, rede, and quhite, and
blewe;

Full of quaking spancis brycht as gold,
FORGIT OF schap like to the amorettis,
So new, so fresch, so plesant to behold,
The plumys eke like to the floure Ionettis,
And othir of schap like to the round cro-
kettis,
And, aboue all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.

About hir nek, quhite as the fyre amaille,
A gudely cheyne of smale orfeuerie,
Quhareby there hang a ruby without faille,
Like to ane hert schapin verily,
That as a sperk of lowe so wantonly
Semyt birnyng vpon hir quhyte throte;
Now gif there was gud partye, God it wote!

And for to walk that fresche Mayes
morowe,
An huke sche had vpon hir tissew quhire,
That gudeliare had nocht bene sene
toFOROWE;

As I suppose; and girt sche was a lyte.
Thushalflynȝlouseforhaste, tosuichdelyte
It was to see hir youth In gudeli hede,
Thatforrudenes to speke thereof I drede.

In hir was youth, beautee, with humble apert,
Bountee, richesse, and wommanly facture,
God better wote than my pen can report.
Wisedome, largesse, estate, and connynȝ
sure
In euery poynt so guydit hir mesure,
In word, in dede, in schap, in contenance,
That nature mycht no morehir childe auance.

Throwquhichanon I knewand vnderstude
Wele, that sche was a warldly creature;
On quhom to rest myn eye so mich gude
It did my wofull hert, I yow assure,
That It was to me Ioye without mesure;
And, at the last, my luke vnto the heuin
I threwe furthwith, and said thir versis seuin:

"O Venus clere! of goddis stellifyit!
To quhom I yelde homage and sacrificise,
Frothisdayforth your grace bemaȝnifyit,
That me ressauiit haue in suich wise,
To lyue vnder your law and do seruise;
Now help me furth, and for your merci lede
My hert to rest, that deis nere for drede."

The Quhen I with qude entent this orisoun
Kinȝis Thus endit had, I stynt a lytill stound;
Quair. And eft myn eye full pitously adoun
I kest, behalding vnto hir lytill hound,
That with his bellis playit on the ground;
Thanwold I say, and sich therewithal yte,
“A! wele were him that now were In thy
plyte!”

Anothir quhile the lytill nyghtingale,
That sat apon the twicȝis, wold I chide,
And say ryght thus, “Quhare are thy notis
smale,
That thou of loue has song this morowe tyde?
Seisthou nocht hire that sittis the besyde?
For Venus sake, the blisfull goddesse clere,
Sing on aȝane, and mak my lady chere.

“And eke I pray, for all the paynes ȝrete,
That, for the loue of Proigne thy sister dere,
Thou sufferit quhilom, quhen thy brestis
wete
Were with the teres of thyne eyen clere
All bludy ronne; that pitee was to here
The crueltee of that vnknyghtly dede,
Quhare was fro the bereft thy maiden hede,

“Lift vp thyne hert, and sing with qude entent;
And in thy notis suete the treson telle,
That to thy sister trewe and Innocent
Was kythit by hir husband false and fell;
For quhois gilt, as It is worthy wel,
Chide this husbandis that are false, I say,
And bid thame mend, In the twenty deuil way.

"Olytillwrecch, allace! maist thou nocht se
Quho commyth yond? Is It now tyme to
wring?

The
Kingis
Quair.

Quhat sory thocht is fallin vpon the?
Opyn thy throte; hastow no lest to sing?
Allace! sen thou of reson had felyng,
Now, suete bird, say ones to me 'pepe':
I dee for wo; methink thou cynnis slepe.

"Hastow no mynde of lufe? Quhare is thy make?
Or artow seke, or smyt with Ielousye?
Or Is sche dede, or hath sche the forsake?
Quhat is the cause of thy malancolye,
That thou no more list maken melodye?
Sluccart, forschame! lo here thy coldin houre,
That worth were hale all thy lyuis labour!

"Gyf thou suld sing wele euer in thy lyue,
Here is, in fay, the tyme and eke the space:
Quhat wostow than? sum bird may cum and
stryue
In song with the, the maistry to purchase.
Suld thou than cesse, It were grete schame,
allace!

And here, to wyn cree happily for euer,
Here is the tyme to synge, or ellis neuer."

I thocht eke thus, 'Gif I my handis clap,
Or gif I cast, than will sche flee away;
And gif I hald me pes, than will sche nap;
And gif I crye, she wate nocht quhat I say:
Thus, quhat is best, wate I nocht be this day:
Bot, blawewynd, blawe, and do the leuisschake,
That sum twic may wag, and mak hir to wake.'

The With that anon ryght sche toke vp a sang,
Kinȝis Quhare come anon mo birdis and alichȝt;
Quair. Bot than, to here the mirth was tham
amanȝ,
Ouer that to, to see the suete sight
Off hyr ymage, my spirit was so light,
Me-thoȝht I flawe for loye without arest,
So were my wittis boundin all to fest.

And to the notis of the philomene,
Quhilkis sche sang, the ditee there I maid
Direct to hire that was my hertis quene,
Withoutin quhom no songis may me glade
And to that sanct, walkinȝ in the schade,
My bedis thus, with humble hert entere,
Deuotly I said on this manere.

“Quhen sall your merci rew upon your man,
Quhois seruice is yit vncouth vnto yow?
Sen, quhen ye go ther is noȝht ellis than—
Bot, hert! quhereas the body may noȝht throu,
Folow thy heuin! Quho suld be glad bot thou,
Thatsuicha cydetofollow has vndertake?
Were It throu hell, the way thou noȝht
forsake!”

And efter this the birdis euerichone
Tuke vp anothir sang full loud and clere,
And with a voce said, “Wele is vs beȝone,
That with our makis are toȝider here;
We proyne and play without dout and
dangere,
All clothit In a soyte full fresch and newe,
In lufis seruice besy, glad, and trewe.

"Andye, fresche May, ay mercifull to bridis,
Now welcum be ye, floure of monethis all;
For nocht onely your grace vpon vs bydis;
Bot all the world to witnes this we call,
That strowit hath so playnly ouer all
With new fresche suete and tender grene,
Oure lyf, oure lust, oure gouernoure, oure
quene."

This was thair song, as semyt me full heye,
Withfullmonyuncouthsuete note and schill,
And therewithall that faire vpward hire ye
Wold cast amang, as It was Goddis will,
Quhare I mycht se, standing allane full still,
The faire facture that nature, for maistrye,
In hir visage wrocht had full lufingly.

And, quhen sche walkit had a lytill thrawe
Vnder the suete grene bewis bent,
Hir faire fresche face, as quhite as ony snawe,
Scho turnyt has, and furth hir wayis went;
Bot tho began myn axis and turment,
To sene hir part, and folowe I na mycht;
Me-thocht the day was turnyt into nycht.

Then said I thus, "Quhare to lyue I langer?
Wo fullest wicht, and subiect vnto peyne.
Of peyne? no! God wote, ya: for thay no
stranger
May wirken ony wicht, I dare wele seyne.
How may this be, that deth and lyf, bothe
tueyne,
Sall bothe atonis in a creature
To cidder duell, and turment thus nature?"

The "I may nocht ellis done bot wepe and
Kinçis waile,
Quair. With-In thir cald wallis thus I-lokin;
From hensfurth my rest is my trauaile;
My daye thirst with teris sall I slokin,
And on my-self bene al my harmys wrokin:
Thus bute is none; bot Venus, of hir grace,
Will schape remede, or do my spirit pace.

"As Tantalus I trauaile, ay but-les,
That euer ylike hailith at the well
Water to draw with buket botemles,
And may nocht spede; quhois penance is an
hell:
So by my-self this tale I may wele telle,
For vnto hir that herith nocht I pleyne;
Thus like to him my trauaile Is In veyne."

So sore thus sight I with my-self allone,
That turnyt is my strenth In febilnesse,
My wele in wo, my frendis all in fone,
My lyf in deth, my lyght into dirknesse,
My hope in feer, in dout my sekirnesse;
Senscheiscone: and God mote hir conuoye,
That me may cyde to turment and to loye!

The long day thus can I pryve and poure,
Till Phebus endir had his bemes bryght,
And bad go farewele euery lef and floure,
This is to say, approch can the nyght,
And Esperus his lampis can to light;
Quhen in the wyndow, still as any stone,
I bade at lenth, and, knelinc, maid my mone.

Solange til levin, for lak of myght and mynd,
For wep it and forpleyn it pitously,
Our set so sorow had bothe hert and mynd,
That to the cold stone my hede on wyre
I laid, and lent, amais it verily,
Half sleping and half suoun, In such a wise:
And quhat I met, I will you now devise.

Me-thought that thus all sodeynly a lyght
In at the wyndow come quhare that I lent,
Off quhich the chambere wyndow schone
full bryght,
And all my body so It hath ouerwent,
That of my sight the vertew hale I blent;
And that withall a voce vnto me saide:
"I bring the confort and hele, be nocht
affrayde."

And furth anon It passit sodeynly,
Quher It come In, the ryght way aseyne,
And sone, me-thought, furth at the dure in hye
I went my weye, nas nothing me aseyne;
And hastily, by bothe the armes tueyne,
I was araisit vp into the aire,
Clippit in a cloude of cristall clere and faire.

Ascending vpward ay fro spere to spere,
Through aire and watere and the hote fyre,
Till that I come vnto the circle clere
Off Signifere, quhare faire, bryght and
schire,
The signis schone; and In the glade empire
Off signifull Venus, ane cryit now
So sudaynly, almost I wist nocht how.

The
Kynge
Quene.

Off quhich the place, quhen I com there nye,
Was all, me thoȝht, of cristall stonis wroȝht,
And to the port I listit was In hye,
Quhare sodaynly, as quho sais at a thoȝht,
It opnyt, and I was anon In broȝht
Within a chamber, large, rowm, and faire;
And there I fand of peple ȝrete repaire.

This I to seyne, that present in that place
Me-thoȝht I sawe of euery nacioun
Loueris that endit thaire lyfis space
In lovis seruice, mony a mylioun,
Off quhois chancis maid is mencion
In diuerse bukis, quho thame list to se;
And therefore here thaire namys lat I be.

The quhois auenture and ȝrete labouris
Aboue thaire hedis writin there I fand;
This is to seyne, martiris and confessouris,
Ech in his stage, and his make in his hand;
And therewithall thir peple sawe I stand,
With mony a solempnit contenance,
After as Lufe thame lykit to auance.

Off gude folkis, that faire In lufe befill,
There saw I sitt In order by thame one
With hedis hore; and with thame stude
Gude-will
To talk and play: and after that anon
Besyde thame and next there saw I ȝone
Curage, amang the fresche folkis yong,
And with thame playit full merily and song.

And In ane othir stage, endlong the wall,
There saw I stand, In capis wyde and lang,
A full cretenowmer; bot thaire hudis all,
Wist I nocht quhy, atoure thaire eyen hang;
And ay to thame come Repentance amang,
And maid thame chere, decysit in his wede.
And downward efter that yit I tuke hede.

Ryght ouerthwert the chamber was there
drawe

A trevesse thin and quhite, all of plesance,
The quhich behynd, standing, there I sawe
A world offolk, and by thaire contenance
Thaire hertis semyt full of displesance,
With billis In thaire handis, of one assent
Vnto the luçe thaire playntis to present.

And there-with-all apperit vnto me
A voce, and said, "Tak hede, man, and be-
hold:

Yonder thou seis the hiest stage and gree
Off acit folk, with hedis hore and olde;
Yone were the folke that neuer changewold
In lufe, bot trewly seruit him alway,
In euery age, vnto thaire ending-day.

"For fro the tyme that thai'coud vnderstand
The exercise, of lufis craft the cure,
Was non on lyve that toke so moch on
hand

For lufis sake, nor langer did endure
In lufis seruice; for, man, I the assure,
Quhen thay of youth ressauit had the fill,
Yit in thaire age tham lakkit no cude will.

The
Kynge's
Quaire.

"Here bene also of such as In counsaillis
And all thar dedis, were to Venus trewe;
Here bene the princis, faucht the grette
bataillis,
In mynd of quhom ar maid the bukis newe,
Hereben the poetist that the sciencis knewe,
Throwout the world, of lufe in thaire suete
layes,
Suiche as Ouide and Omere in thaire dayes.

"And efter thame down In the next stage,
There as thou seis the yong folkis pleye:
Lo! thise were thay that, in thaire myddill age
Seruandis were to lufe in mony weye,
And diuersely happinnit for to deye;
Sum soroufully, for wanting of thare makis,
And sum in armes for thaire ladyes sakis.

"And othir eke by othir diuerse chance,
As happin folk all day, as ye may se;
Sum for dispaire without recouerance;
Sum for desyre surmounting thaire degre;
Sum for dispite and othir Inmytee;
Sum for vnkyndenes without a quhy;
Sum for to moch, and sum for Ielousye.

"And efter this, vpon yone stage down,
Tho that thou seis stond in capis wyde;
Yone were quhilum folk of religioun,
That from the world thaire gouernance
did hide,
And frely seruit lufe on euery syde
In secrete, with thaire bodyis and thaire cudis.
And lo! quhy so thai hincendown thaire hudis:

"For though that thai were hardy at assay,
And did him seruice quhilum priuely,
Yit to the warldis eye It semyt nay;
So was thaire seruice half cowardy:
And for thay first forsuke him opynly,
And efter that thereof had repenting,
For schame thaire hudis oure thaire eyne
thay hynȝ.

"And seis thou now yone multitude, on rawe
Standing, behynd yone trauerse of delyte?
Sum bene of tham that haldin were full lawe
And take by frendis, nothing thay to wyte,
In youth from lufe into the cloistere quite;
And for that cause are cummyn recounsilit,
On thame to pleyne that so tham had beqilit.

"And othir bene amonȝis thame also,
That cummyn art to court, on lufe to pleyne
For he thaire bodyes had bestowit so,
Quhare bothe thaire hertes cruch ther aȝeyne;
For quhich, In all thaire dayes, soth to seyne,
Quhen othir lyuit In loye and plesance,
Thaire lyf was noȝt bot care and repent-
ance;

"And quhare thaire hertis ȝeuin were and set,
Were coplit with othir that coude noȝt accord;
Thus were thai wrangit that did no forget
Departing thame that neuer wold discord.
Off yonȝ ladies faire, and mony lord,
That thus by maistry were fro thair chose
dryue,
Full redy were thaire playntis there to ȝyue."

**The
Kings
Quair.** And othir also I sawe compleynynq there
Vpon Fortune and hir qrete variance,
That, quhere In loue so wele they coplit
WERE
With thaire suete makis coplit in plesance,
So sodeynly maid thaire disseuerance,
And tuke thame of this warldis companye,
Withoutin cause, there was non othir
quhy.

And in a chiere of estate besyde,
With winqis bright, all plumyt, bot his face,
There sawe I sitt the blynd god Cupide,
With bow In hand, that bent full redy was,
And by him hang thre arowis In a cas,
Off quhich the hedis grundyn were full
rycht,
Off diuerse metals forgit faire and brycht.

And with the first, that hedit is of gold,
He smytis soft, and that has esy cure;
The secund was of siluer, mony-fold
Wer than the first, and harder auenture;
The thrid, of stele, isschot without recure;
And on his long yalow lokkis schene
A chaplet had he all of lewis grene.

And In a retrete lytill of compas,
Depeyntit all with sichis wonder sad,
Nocht suich sichis as hertis doith manace;
Bot suich as dooth lufaris to be glad,
Fond I Venus vpon hir bed, that had
A mantill cast ouer hir schuldris quhite:
Thus clothit was the goddesse of delyte.

Stude at the dure Fair-calling, hir vschere,
That coude his office doon In connynge wise,
And Secrete, hir thrifty chamberere,
That besy was In tyme to do seruise,
And othir mo that I can nocht on auise,
And on hir hede, of rede rosis full suete,
A chapellet sche had, faire, fresch, and
mere.

With quaking hert astonate of that sight,
Vnnethis wist I quhat that I suld seyne,
Bot at the last febily, as I myght,
With my handis on bothe my kneis tueyne,
There I begouth my caris to compleyne;
With ane humble and lamentable chere
Thus salute I that goddesse bryght and
clere:

HYE quene of lufe! sterre of beneuolence!
Pitouse princes, and planet merciab!e!
Appesare of malice and violence!
By vertew pure of your aspectis hable,
Vnto youre grace lat now ben acceptable
My pure request, that can no forthir gone
To seken help, bot vnto you allone!

“As ye that bene the socoure and suete well
Off remedye, of carefull hertes cure,
And, in the huge weltering wawis fell
Off lufis rage, blisfull hauin and sure;
O anker and keye of our cude auenture,
Ye haue your man with his cude-will con-
quest:
Merci, therefore, and bring his hert to rest!

The
Kinȝis
Quair.

"Ye know the cause of all my peynes smert
Bet than my-self, and all myn auenture
Ye may conuoye, and as yow list, conuert
The hardest hert that for my that nature:
Sen in your hand is all hale lyith my cure,
Haue pitee now, o bryght blisfull goddess,
Off your pure man, and rew on his distresse!

"And though I was vnto your lawis strance,
By ignorance, and nocht by felonye,
And that your grace now likit hath to
chance
My hert, to seruen yow perpetualye,
Forȝeue all this, and shapith remedye
To sauen me of your benigne grace,
Or do me steruen furthwith in this place.

"And with the stremes of your percynȝ
lycht
Conuoy my hert, that is so wo-becone,
Aȝeyne vnto that suete heuinly sight,
That I, within the wallis cold as stone,
So suetly saw on morow walk and gone,
Law in the ȝardyn, ryght tofore myn eye:
Now, merci, quene! and do me nocht to
deye."

This wordis said, my spirit in dispaire,
A quhile I stynt, abiding efter grace:
And therewithall hir cristall eyen faire
Me kest asyde, and efter that a space,
Benignely sche turnyt has hir face
Towardis me full pleasantly conueide;
And vnto me ryght in this wise sche seide:

xxx

"Yong man, the cause of all thyne Inward
SOROWE

Is nocht vnkawin to my deite,
And thy request, bothe now and eke tofor-
owe,

Quhen thou first maid professioun to me;
Sen of my grace I haue inspirit the
To knowe mylawe, contynew furth, for oft,
There as I mynt full sore, I smyte bot soft.

"Paciently thou tak thyne auenture,
This will my son Cupide, and so will I,
He can the stroke, to me lancis the cure
Quhen I se tyme, and therefor humily
Abyde, and serue, and lat cude hope the cye:
Bot, for I haue thy forehede here present,
I will the schewe the more of myn entent.

"This Is to say, though It to me pertene
In Lufis lawe the septre to gouerne,
That the effectis of my bemes schene
Has thaire aspectis by ordynance eterne,
With otheris byndand mynes to discernen,
Quhilum in thingis bothe to cum and gone,
That lancis nocht to me, to writh allone;

"As in thyne awin case now may thou se,
For quhy lo, that otheris Influence
Thy persone standis nocht In libertee;
Quharefore, though I geve the beneuolence,
It standis nocht yit In myn aduertence
Till certeyne coursis endit be and ronne,
Quhill of trew seruis thou have hir graice
I-wone.

The
Kingis
Quair.

"And yit, considering the nakitnesse
Bothe of thy wit, thy person, and thy
myght,
It is no mach, of thyne vnworthynesse
To hir birth, estate, and beautee bryght:
Als like ye bene, as day is to the nyght:
Or sek-cloth is vnto fyne cremesye;
Or doken foule onto the fresche dayesye.

"Vnlike the mone Is to the sonne schene,
Eke Ianuarye is vnlike to May;
Vnlike the cukkow to the phylomene;
Thaire tabartis ar nocht bothe maid of
array,
Vnlike the crow is to the pape-lay;
Vnlike, In goldsmythis werk, a fischis eye
To peire with perll, or maked be so heye.

"As I haue said, vnto me belançith
Specialy the cure of thy seknesse;
Bot now thy matere so in balance hançith,
That It requerith, to thy sekernesse,
The help of othir mo that bene goddes,
And haue In thame the menes and the lore,
In this matere to schorten with thy sore.

"And for thou sall se wele that I entend,
Vnto thy help, thy welefare to preserue,
The streight weye thy spirit will I send
To the goddess that clepit is Mynerue;
And se that thou hir hestis wele conserue,
For in this case sche may be thy supplye,
And put thy hert in rest, als wele as I.

"Bot, for the way is vncouth vnto the,
There as hir duelling is and hir sojurne,
I will that Gude Hope seruand to the be,
Youre alleris frend, to let the to murn,
Be thy condyt and cyde till thou returne,
And hir besech that sche will in thy nede,
Hir counsele geue to thy welefare and spede,

"And that sche will, as lançith hir office,
Be thy gude lady, help and counseiloure,
And to the schewe hir rype and gude auise,
Throw quich thou may, be processe and
laboure,

Arteyne vnto that glad and goldyn floure,
That thou wald haue so fayn with all thy
hart.

And forthir more, sen thou hir seruand art,

"Quhen thou descendis down to ground a geyne,
Say to the men that there bene resident,
How long think thay to stand in my disdeyne,
That in my lawis bene so negligēt
From day to day, and list tham nocht repent,
Bot breken louse, and walken at thaire large?
Is nocht eft none that thereof geuis charge?

"And for," quod sche, "the ançir and the smert
Off thaire vnkyndenesse dooth me con-
streyne,

My femynyne and wofull tender hert,
That than I wepe; and, to a token pleyne,
As of my teris cummyth all this reyne,
That ye se on the ground so fast ybete
Fro day to day, my turment is so grete.

The "And quhen I wepe, and stynten othir quhile,
Kinȝis For pacience that is in womanhede,
Quair. Than all my wrath and rancoure I exile;
And of my cristall teris that bene schede,
The hony flouris growen vp and sprede,
That preyen men, In thaire flouris wise,
Be trewe of lufe, and worschip my seruise.

"And eke, In takin of this pitouse tale,
Quhen so my teris dropen on the ground,
In thaire nature the lytill birdis smale
Styntith thaire song, and murnyth for
that stound,
And all the lightis In the heuin round
Off my greuance haue suich compaciencie,
That from the ground they hiden thaire
presence.

"And yit In tokenynȝ forthir of this thing,
Quhen flouris springis, and freschest bene
of hewe,
And that the birdis on the twistis sing,
At thilke tyme ay cynnen folk to renewe
That seruise vnto loue, as ay is dewe,
Most commonly has ay his obseruance,
And of thaire sleuth tofore haue repentance.

"Thus maist thou seyne, that myn effect is crete
Vnto the quich ye aughten maist weye,
No lyte offense, to sleuth is forget:
And therefore In this wise to tham seye,
As I the here haue bid, and conueye
The matere all the better tofore said;
Thus sall on the my charge bene I-laid.

"Say on than, Quhare Is becummyne, for **The**
schame! **Kinçis**
Quair.

The sonçis new, the fresche carolis and dance,
The lusty lyf, the mony change of game,
The fresche array, the lusty contenance,
The besy awayte, the hertly obseruance,
That quhilum was amonçis thame so ryf?
Bid thame repent in tyme, and mend thare lyf:

"Or I sall, with my fader old Saturne,
And with al hale oure heuinly alliance,
Our glad aspect is from thame writh and turne,
That all the world sall waile thaire gouern-
ance.

Bid thame betyme that thai haue repent-
ance,
And thaire hertis hale renew my lawe;
And I my hand fro beting sall withdrawe.

"This is to say, contynue in my seruise,
Worschip my law, and my name magnifye,
That am your heuin and your paradise;
And I your confort here sall multiplie,
And, for your meryt here, perpetualye
Ressaue I sall your saulis of my grace,
To lyue with me as goddis In this place."

With humble thank, and all the reuerence
That feble wit and connynge may atteyne,
I tuke my leue; and from hir presence,
Gude Hope and I togider, bothe tueyne,
Departit are, and, schortly for to seyne,
He hath me led redy wayis ryght
Vnto Mineruis palace, faire and bryght.

The
Kynge's
Quair.

Quhare as I fand, full redy at the yate,
The maister portare, callit Pacience,
That frely lete vs in, vnquestionate;
And there we sawe the perfyte excellence,
The said renewe, the state, the reuerence,
The strenth, the beautee, and the ordour
digne
Off hir court riall, noble and benigne.

And straucht vnto the presence sodeynly
Off dame Minerue, the pacient goddess,
Gude Hope my cyde led me redily;
To quhom anon, with dredefull humylnesse,
Off my cummyng the cause I can expresse,
And all the processe hole, vnto the end,
Off Venus charge, as likit hir to send.

Off quhich ryght thus hir ansuere was in
bref:

"My sone, I haue wele herd, and vnderstond,
Be thy reherse, the matere of thy gref,
And thy request to procure, and to fonde
Off thy pennance sum confort at my hond,
Be counsele of thy lady Venus clere,
To be with hir thyne help In this matere.

"Bot in this case thou sall wele knawe and
witt,
Thou may thy hert ground on suich a wise,
That thy labour will be bot lytill quit;
And thou may set It In othir wise,
That wil be to the crete worschip and prise;
And gif thou durst vnto that way encline,
I will the geue my lore and disciplyne.

"Lo, my cude sone, this Is als mich to seyne,
As, gif thy lufe sett alluterly
Of nyce lust, thy trauail is in veyne;
And so the end sall turne of thy folye
To payne and repentance; lo, wate thou
quhy?

Gif the ne list on lufe thy vertew set,
Vertu sall be the cause of thy FORFET.

"Tak Him before in all thy gouernance,
That in His hand the stere has of you all;
And pray vnto His hye purueyance
Thylufe to cye, and on Him traist and call,
That corner stone and ground is of the wall
That failis nocht; and trust, withoutin
drede,
Vnto thy purpose sone He sall the lede.

"For lo, the werk that first Is foundit sure,
May better bere a pace and hyare be,
Than othir-wise, and langere sall endure,
Be monyfald, this may thy resoun see,
And stronger to defend aduersitee:
Ground thy werk, therefore, vpon the stone,
And thy desires sall forthward with the gone.

"Be trewe, and meke, and stedfast in thy
thocht,
And dilicent hir merci to procure,
Nocht onely in thy word, for word is nocht,
Bot gif thy werk and all thy besy cure
Accord thereto, and vtrid be mesure:
The place, the houre, the maner, and the wise;
Gif mercy sall admitten thy seruise.

xxxvii

**The
Kingis
Quair.**

"All thing has tyme, thus sais Ecclesiaste;
And wele is him that his tyme wil abit.
Abyde thy time; for he that can bot haste
Can nocht of hap, the wise man It writ;
And oft cude fortune flourish with cude wit:
Quharefore, gif thou will be wele fortunyt,
Lat wisdom ay to thy will be lunnyt.

"Bot there be mony of so brukill sort,
That feynis treuth In lufe for a quhile,
And setten all thaire wittis and disport
The sely Innocent woman to begyle,
And so to wynne thaire lustis with a wile;
Suich feynit treuth is all bot trechorye,
Vnder the vmbre of heid ypocrisye.

"For as the foulere quhistlith in his throte
Diuersely, to counterfete the brid,
And feynis mony a suete and strange note,
That in the busk for his desate is hid,
Till sche be fast lokin his net amyde;
Rycht so the fatoure, the false theif, I say,
With suete tresoun oft wynnith thus his
pray.

"Fy on all suich! fy on thaire doubilnesse!
Fy on thaire lust and bestly appetite!
Thaire wolfis hertis, in lambis liknesse;
Thaire thoughtis blak, hid vnder wordis
quhite;
Fy on thair labour! fy on thaire delyte!
That feynen outward all to hir honour,
And in thaire hert hir worschip wold deuoure.

"So hard it is to trusten now on dayes
The world, It is so double and inconstant,
Off quhich the suth is kid be mony assayes;
More pitee is; for quhich the remanant,
That menen wele, and ar nocht variant
For otheris cilt, and suspect of vntreuth,
And hyndrit oft, and treuely that is reuth.

"Bot gif the hert be groundit ferm and
stable
In Goddis law, thy purpose to atteyne,
Thy labour is to me agreable;
And my full help, with counsele trew and
pleyne,
I will the schewe, and this is the certeyne;
Opyn thy hert, therefore, and lat me se
Gif thy remede be pertynent to me."

"Madame," quod I, "sen It is your plesance
That I declare the kynd of my louing,
Treuely and gude, withoutin variance,
In lufe that floure abuse all othir thing;
And wold bene he that to hir worschipping
Myght oucht auaille, be Him That starr
on rude,
And nouthir spare fortrauaille, lyf, nor gude.

"And forthirmore, as touching the nature
Off my lufing, to worschip or to blame,
I darre wele say, and there-in me assure,
For ony guld that ony wight can name
Wald I be he that suld of hir gude fame
Be blamisched In ony point or wyse,
For wele nor wo, quhill my lyfe may suffise.

The
Kin^{is}
Quair.

"This Is the effect trewly of myn entent,
Touching the suet that smertisme so sore,
Giff this be faynt, I can It nocht repent,
All-though my lyfsuld forfaut be therefore,
Blisful princes! I can seye you no more;
Bot so desire my wittis dooth compace,
More loy in erth kepe I nocht bot your grace."

"Desire," quod sche, "I nyl It nocht deny,
So thou It ground and set in cristin wise;
And therefore, son, opyn thy hert playnly."
"Madame," quod I, "trew withoutin fantise,
That day sall neuer be I sall vp-rise
For my delyte to couate the plesance
That may hir worschip putten In balance."

"For oure all thing, lo, this were my glad-
nesse,
To sene the fresche beautee of hir face;
And gif It myght deserue, be processe,
For my crete lufe and treuth, to stond in
grace,
Hir worschip sauf, lo, here the blissfull cace
That I wold ask, and thereto attend,
For my most loye vnto my lyfis end."

"Now wele," quod sche, "and sent that It is so,
That In vertew thy lufe is set with treuth,
To helpen the I will be one of tho
From hensforth, and hertly without sleuth,
Off thy distresse and excesse to haue reuth
That has thy hert; I will pray full faire
That fortune be no more thereto contraire."

"FOR suth It is, that all ye creaturis
Quhich vnder vs beneth haue your duellyng
Ressauen diuersely your auenturis,
Off quhich the cure and principall melling
Apperit is, withoutin repellyng,
Onely to hir that has the cuttis two
In hand, bothe of your wele and of your wo.

"And how so be, that sum clerkis trete,
That all your chance causit Is tofore
Heich In the heuin, by quhois effectis crete
Ye mouit are to wrething, lesse or more,
Quhare In the world, thus calling that
therefore
'Fortune,' and so that the diuersitee
Off thaire wirking suld cause necessitee.

"Bot othir clerkis halden that the man
Has In him-self the chose and libertee
To cause his awin fortune, how or quhan
That him best lest, and no necessitee
Was In the heuin at his natiuitee,
Bot yit the thingis happin in commune
Efter purpose, so cleping thame 'fortune.'

"And quhare a persone has tofore knawing
Off It that is to fall purposely,
Lo, fortune is bot wayke in suich a thing,
Thou may wele wit, and here ensample quhy;
To God, that is the first cause onely
Off euerie thing, there may no fortune fall:
And quhy? for He foreknawin is of all.

The
Kinçis
Quain.

"And therefore thus I say to this sentence;
Fortune is most and strangest euermore
Quhare lest foreknowing or intelligence
Is in the man; and, sone, of wit or lore
Senthouart wayke and feble, lo, therefore,
The more thou art in dangere and commune
With hir that clerkis clepen so 'fortune.'

"Bot for the sake, and at the reuerence
Off Venus clere, as I the said tofore,
I haue of thy distresse compaciencie;
And in confort and relesche of thy sore,
The schewit here myn aise therefore:
Pray fortune help, for mich vnlikly thing
Full oft about sche sodeynly dooth bring.

"Now go thy way, and haue gode mynde
vpon
Quhat I haue said In way of thy doctryne."
"I sall, madame," quod I; and ryght anone
I take my leue. Als straucht as ony lyne,
With-in a beme that fro the contree dyuine
Sche, percynge throw the firmament, ex-
tendit,
To ground ageyne my spirit is descendit.

Quhare, In a lusty plane, take I my way,
Endlang a ryuer, plesant to behold,
Enbroudin all with fresche flouris gay,
Quhare, throu the grauel, bryght as ony
gold,
The cristall water ran so clere and cold,
That, in myn ere maid contynualy
A maner soun, mellit with armony;

That full of lytill fischis by the brym,
Now here, now there, with bakkisblewe as
lede,

The
Kynge's
Quair.

Lap and playit, and In a rout can swym
So prattily, and dressit tham to sprede
Thaire curall fynnis, as the ruby rede,
That In the sonne on thaire scalis bryght
As cesserant ay glitterit In my sight:

And by this Ilke ryuer-syde alawe
Ane hye-way fand I like to bene,
On quhich, on euery syde, a long rawe
Off treis saw I, full of leuis grene,
That full of fruyte delitable were to sene,
And also, as It come vnto my mind,
Off bestis sawe I mony diuerse kynd:

The lyoun king, and his fere lyonesse;
The pantere, like vnto the smaraçdyne;
The lytill squerell, full of besynesse;
The slawe ase, the druçcare beste of pyne;
The nyce ape; the werely porpapyne;
The percynç lynx; the lufare vnicorne,
That voidis venym with his euour horne.

There sawe I dresse him new out of haunt
The fery tigere, full of felonye;
The dromydare; the standar oliphant;
The wyly fox, the wedowis Inemye;
The clymbareçayte; the elk for alblastyne;
The herknere bore; the holsum çrey for
hortis;
The haire also, that oft gooth to the wortis.

The
Kings
Quair.

The buçill, draware by his hornis çrete;
The martrik, sable, the foynye, and monymo;
The chalk quhite ermyn, tippit as the lete;
The riall hert, the conyng, and the ro;
The wolf, that of the murthir nocht say "ho!"
The lesty beuer, and the ravin bare;
For chamelot, the camel full of hare;

With mony anothir beste diuerse and stränge,
That cummyth nocht as now vnto my mynd.
Bot now to purpose,—Straucht furth the
range

I held a-way, oure-hailing in my mynd
From quhens I come, and quhare that I
suld fynd

Fortune, the goddess, vnto quhom In hye
Gude Hope, my cyde, has led me sodeynly.

And at the last, behalding thus asyde,
A round place, wallit, haue I found;
In myddis quhare eftsone I haue spide
Fortune, the goddess, hurinç on the ground;
And ryçht before hir fete, of compas round,
A quhele, on quhich cleuerinç I sye
A multitude of folk before myn eye.

And ane surcote sche werit long that tyde,
That semyt to me of diuerse hewis,
Quhilum thus, quhen sche wald turn asyde,
Stude this goddess of fortune and of glewis;
A chapellet, with mony fresche anewis
Sche had vpon her hed; and with this hong
A mantill on hir schuldris, large and long,

That furrīt was with ȕrmyn full quhire,
Deȕoutīt wīth the self In spottīs blake:
And quhilum In hīr chiere thus a lyte
Lourīngsche was; and thus sone It wold slake,
And sodeynly a maner smylīng make,
And sche were clad; at one contenance
Sche held nocht, bot ay in variance.

And vnderneath the quhele sawe I there
Ane vȕly pit, depe as ony helle,
That to behald thereon I quoke for fere;
Bot o thing herd I, that quho there In fell
Come no more vp aȕane, ridīngīs to telle;
Off quīch, astonait of that ferefull syȕht,
I ne wist quhat to done, so was I fricht.

Bot for to se the sudayn welterīng
Off that Ilk quhele, that sloppare was to
hold,
It semyt vnto my wit a strong thing,
So mony I sawe that than clymben wold,
And failit foting, and to ȕround were rold;
And othir eke, that sat aboue on hye,
Were ouerthrowe In twinklyng of ane eye.

And on the quhele was lytill void space,
Wele nere oure-straucht fro lawe to hye;
And they were ware that long sat In place,
So tolter quhilum did sche It to wrye;
There was bot clymbe and ryȕht downward
hye,
And sum were eke that fallīng had sore,
There for to clymbe thaire coraȕe was no
more.

The
Kings
Quair.

I sawe also that, quhere sum were slunçin,
Bequhirlynç of the quhele, vnto the ground,
Full sudaynly sche hath vp ythruncin,
And set thame on a canefullsauf and sound:
And euer I sawe a new swarme abound,
That to clymbe vpward vpon the quhele,
In stede of thame that mycht nolanger rele.

And at the last, In presene of thame all
That stude about, sche clepit me be name;
And therewith apon kneis can I fall
Full sodaynly hailinç, abaist for schame;
And, smylynç thus, sche said to me in game,
“Quhat doist thou here? Quho has the hider sent?
Say on anon, and tell me thyn entent.

“I se wele, by thy chere and contenance,
There is sum thing that lyis the on hert,
It stant nocht with the as thou wald, per-
chance?”

“Madame,” quod I, “for lufe Is all the smert
That euer I fele, endlang and ouerthwert.
Help, of your grace, me wofull wrechit wight,
Sen me to cure ye powere haue and mycht.”

“Quhat help,” quod she, “wold thou that I
ordeyne,

To bring the vnto thy hertis desire?”

“Madame,” quod I, “bot that your grace
dedeyne,

Off your great mycht, my witt is to enspire,
To win the well that slokin may the fyre
In quhich I birn: a, goddesse fortunate,
Help now my game, that is in point to mate.”

"OFFmate:" quod sche, "o, verraysely wrech,
I se wele by thy dedely coloure pale,
Thou art to feble of thyself to streche
Vpon my quhele, to clymbe or to hale
Withoutin help; for thou has fundin stale
This mony day, withoutin werdis wele,
And wantis now thy veray hertis hele.

"Wele maistow be a wrechit man callit,
That wantis the confort that suld thy hert
glade;
And has all thing within thy hert stallit,
That may thy youth oppresen or defade.
Though thy begynnynghath bene retrograde,
Be froward opposyt quhare till aspert,
Now sall thai turn, and luke on the dert."

And therewith-all vnto the quhele In hye
Sche hath me led, and bad me lere to clymbe,
Vpon the quhich I steppit sudaynly.

"Now hald thy grippis," quod sche, "for thy
tyme,
Ane houre and more It ryannis ouer prime;
To count the hole, the half is nere away;
Spend wele, therefore, the remanant of the
day.

"Ensampler," quod sche, "tak of this tofore,
That fro my quhele be rollit as a ball;
For the nature of It is euermore,
After ane hicht, to vale and ceue a fall,
Thus, quhen me likith, vp or down to fall.
Fare-wele," quod sche, and by theereme toke.
So earnestly, that therewithall I woke.

The O besy goste: ay flikeriſ to and fro,
Kinȝis That neuer art In quiet nor In rest,
Quair. Till thou cum to that place that thou cam
fro,
Quhich is thy first and verray proper nest:
From day to day so sore here artow drest,
That with thy flesche ay walkiſ art in
trouble,
And slepiſ eke; of pyne so has thou double.

Couert my-self all this mene I to loke.
Though that my spirit vexit was tofore
In sueuyniſ, alsone as euer I woke
By twenty-fold It was In trouble more,
Bethinkiſ me with sihiſ hert and sore
That I nan othir thiſ bot dremes had,
Nor sekernes, my spirit with to glad.

And therewith sone I dressit me to ryse,
Fulild of thoht, pyne, and aduersitee;
And to my-self I said in this wise;
“A! merci, lord! quhat will ye do with me?
Quhat lyf is this? quhare hath my spirit be?
Is this of my forethoht Impressioun,
Or Is It from the heuin a visioun?”

And gif ye ȝoddis, of youre puruiance,
Haue schewit this for my reconfortiſ,
In relesche of my furieuse pennance,
I yow beseke full humily of this thiſ,
That of youre ȝrace I mycht haue more
takeniſ,
Gif It sal be as in my slepe before
Ye shewit haue: and forth, withoutin more,

In hye vnto the wyndow can I walk,
Mouing within my spirit of this sight,
Quhare sodeynly a turture, quhite as calk,
So euinly vpon my hand can lyght,
And vnto me sche turnyt hir full ryght;
Off quham the chere in hir birdis apert
Gave me In hert kalendis of confort.

This fair bird ryght In hir bill can hold
Of red Iorofflis with thair stalkis grene
Afairbranche, quhare writtin was with gold,
On euery list, with branchis bryght and
schene
In compas fair, full plesandly to sene,
A plane sentence, quhich, as I can devise
And haue In mynd, said ryght on this wise:

"Awak! awake! I bring, lufar, I bring
The newis glad, that blisfull ben and sure
Of thy confort: now lauch, and play, and synge,
That art besid so glad an auenture;
For In the heuyn decretit is the cure."
And vnto me the flouris fair present:
With wynçis spred, hir wayis furth sche
went.

Quhilk vp anon I tuke, and as I cesse,
Ane hundreth tymes, or I forthir went,
I haue It red, with hertfull glaidnese;
And, half with hope, and half with dred, It
hent,
And at my beddis hed, with gud entent,
I haue It fair pynnit vp, and this
First takyn was of all my help and blisse.

The
Kingis
Quair.

The quhich treuly efter, day be day,
That all my wittis maistrit had tofore,
Quhich hensferth the paynis did away.
Andschortly, so wele Fortune has hir bore,
To quikin treuly day by day my lore,
To my larges that I am cumin aayne,
To blisse with hir that is my souirane.

Bot for als moche as sum micht think or
seyne,
Quhat nedis me, apoun so litill euyn,
To writt all this? I ansuere thus aeyne,—
Quho that from hell war croppin onys In
heuin,
Wald efter O thank for Ioy mak vj or vij:
And euery wicht his awin suete or sore
Has maist In mynde: I can say you no more.

Eke quho may In this lyfe haue more plesance
Than cum to largesse from thraldom and
peyne,
And by the mene of luffis Ordinance,
That has so mony In his goldin cheyne?
Quhich this to wyn his hertis souereyne,
Quho suld me wite to write tharof, lat se!
Now sufficiente Is my felicitee.

Beseching vnto fair Venus abuse,
For all my brethir that bene In this place,
This Is to seyne, that seruandis ar to lufe,
And of his lady can no thank purchase,
His paine relesch, and sone to stand In grace,
Boith to his worschip and to his first ese;
So that It hir and resoun nocht displese:

And eke for thame that ar nocht entrit Inne
The dance of lufe, bot thidder-wart on way,
In ȝude tyme and sely to begynne
Thair prentissehed, and forthir more I pray
For thame that passit ben the mony affray
In lufe, and cunnynȝ ar to full plesance,
To ȝraunt thame all, lo! ȝude perseuerance:

And eke I pray for all the hertis dull,
That lyuen here In sleuth and Ignorance,
And has no curage at the rose to pull,
Thair lif to mend and thair saulis auance
With thair suete lore, and bring thame to
ȝude chance;
And quho that will nocht for this prayer turn,
Quhen thai wald faynest speid, that thai
may spurn.

To Rekyn of euery thing the circumstance,
As hapnit me quhen lessen ȝan my sore,
Of my rancoure and wofull chance,
It war to long, I lat It be tharefor.
And thus this floure, I can seye no more,
So hertly has vnto my help attendit,
That from the deth hir man sche has de-
fendit.

And eke the ȝoddis mercifull virking,
For my long pane and trewe seruice In lufe,
That has me ȝeuin halely myn asking,
Quhich has my hert for euir sett abuse
In perfyte loy, that neuir may remufe,
Bot onely deth: of quhom, In laud and prise,
With thankfull hert I say, richt In this wise:—

The "Blissit mot be the goddis all,
Kinçis So fair that glitteren In the firmament!
Quair. And blissit be thare myght celestially,
That haue conuoyit hale, with one assent,
My lufe, and to so glade a consequent!
And thankit be Fortunys exiltree
And quhele, that thus so wele has quhirlyt
me.

"Thankit mot be, and fair and lufe befall
The nyghtingale, that, with so gud entent,
Sang thare of lufe the notis suete and small,
Quhair my fair hertis lady was present,
Hir with to gladorthatsche forthir went!
And thou çerafloure, mot I-thankit be
All othir flouris for the lufe of the!

"And thankit be the fair castell wall,
Quhare as I quhilom lukit furth and lent.
Thankit mot be the sanctis marciall,
That me first causit hath this accident.
Thankit mot be the çrene bewis bent,
Throu quhom, and vnder, first fortunyt me
My hertis hele, and my confort to be.

"For to the presence suete and delitable.
Rycht of this floure that full is of plesance,
By processe and by menys fauorable,
First of the blisful goddis purueyance,
And syne throu long and trew contynuaunce
Of veray faith In lufe and trew seruice,
I cum am, and forthir In this wise.

"Vnworthy, lo, bot onely of hir grace,
In lufis yok, that esy is and sure,
In querdoun of all my lufis space
Sche hath me tak, hir humble creature.
And thus befell my blisfull auenture,
In youth, of lufe, that now from day to day
Flourith ay newe, and yit forthir, I say."



Olitill tretise, nakit of eloquence,
Causing simplese and pou-
ertee to wit;
And pray the redeer to haue
pacience
Of thy defaute, and to sup-
porten It,

Of his gudnese thy brukilnese to knytt,
And his tong for to reule and to stere,
That thy defaultis helit may ben here.

Allace! and gif thou cummyst In the presence,
Quhare as of blame faynest thou wald be quite,
To here thy rude and crukit eloquens,
Quho sal be thare to pray for thy remyt?
No wicht, bot geve hir merci will admytt
The for gud will, that Is thy cyd and stere:
To quham for me thou pitously requere.

And thus endith the fatall Influence
Causit from heuyn, quhare power Is commytt
Of couirnanse, by the magnificence
Of Him that hiest In the heuin sitt;
To Quham we thank that all oure lif hath writt,
Quho coutht It red, a gone synemony a yere,
'Hich In the heuynnis figure circulere.'

The Vnto Inpnis of my maisteris dere,
Kinçis Gowere and Chaucere, that on the steppis
Quair. SATT
OF rethorike quhill thai were lyuand here,
Superlatiue as poetis laureate,
In moralitee and eloquence ornatē,
I recommend my buk In lynis seuin,
And eke thair saulis vnto the blisse of heuin.
Amen.

Explicit
Quod Jacobus Primus, Scotorum Rex
Illustrissimus.

HERE ENDS THE KINGIS QUAIR,
EDITED BY ROBERT STEELE, COM-
POSED IN THE FOUNT CALLED
THE KING'S FOUNT, DESIGNED
BY CHARLES RICKETTS, AND
PRINTED UNDER HIS SUPER-
VISION AT THE BALLANTYNE
PRESS, LONDON, MCMIII.

Sold by Hacon and Ricketts, London,
And by John Lane, New York

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